

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]

Pawhoo hoo hoo hoo  
Live from the graveyard  
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy  
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man  
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)  
I wanna be  
Yo let me fuck that nigga down  
What's that?  
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass  
My ghetto love song (hahaha)  
Set it off, set it off  
Let's be friends  
Where my niggas at  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)  
Where my niggas, where my niggas  
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)  
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)  
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)  
Let's be friends...  
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)  
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]

Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted  
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented  
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady  
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby  
Currency seems small, I need companionship  
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit  
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?  
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink  
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches  
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches  
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize  
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way  
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth  
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch  
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap  
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief  
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?  
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head  
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!  
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?  
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

I met you and I stuttered in passion  
Though slightly blinded by that ass  
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants  
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you  
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'  
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options  
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me  
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics  
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch  
everything inside you from my head to my nuts  
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine  
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind  
Back in time, I recall how she used to be  
I guess money and fame made you used to me  
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag  
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!  
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen  
Got my hands on your thighs  
Now let me in between as friends

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(Westside in this motherfucker)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(In this motherfucker right here)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks  
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch  
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?  
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)  
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious  
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down  
Similar to switches  
My movement, baby, let your back [?] it  
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it  
You got me high, let me come inside!  
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!  
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?  
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock  
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?  
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed  
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's  
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked  
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends  
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?  
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)  
Friends... (My ghetto love song!  
It goes on and on and on and on)  
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my niggas at?)  
Friends... (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my people at? Let's be...)

*[2Pac:]*

Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!  
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!  
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!  
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Be friends, tell me where my people at  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Make money, take money, be friends

*[Singer (2Pac):]*

Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on!)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

*[2Pac:]*

Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!  
Make money, take money!